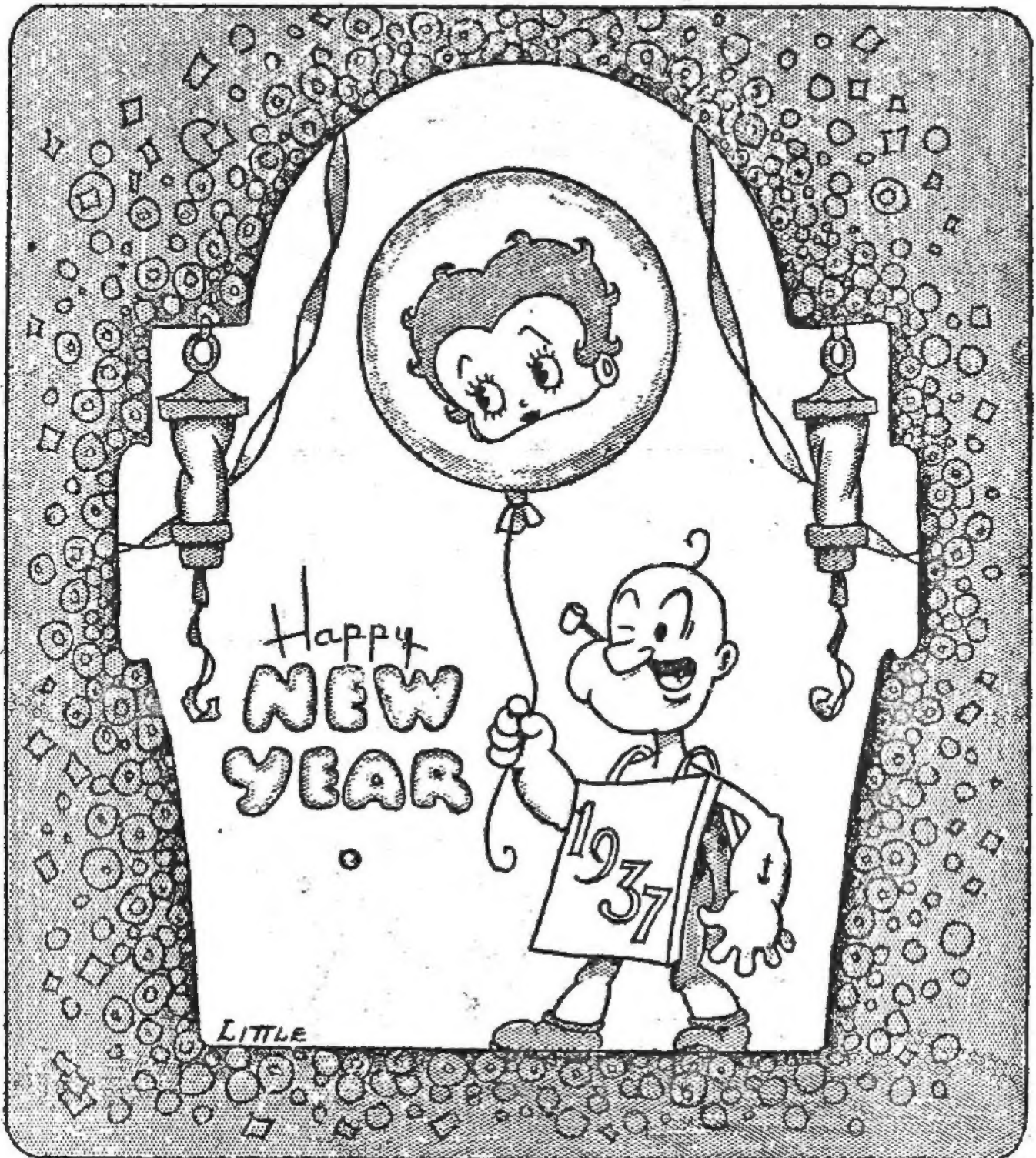


Fleischer's ANIMATED NEWS

VOL. III NO. 2

JANUARY 1937

10¢ A COPY



FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS
FOUNDED DECEMBER 1934

Published Monthly at 1600 Broadway
Tenth Floor Issue

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Note: Due to "mechanical difficulties" this issue is late in reaching
you. Please excuse.

Ed.



THERE'S ALWAYS THE DANGER THAT,
WITH MAX'S TRIPS TO FLORIDA, HE'LL
DO WHAT PONCE DE LEON WAS
LOOKING FOR!



LOOKING FORWARD

1937

A strange coincidence, the LAST floor of the Fleischer Studios is requested to compile material for the FIRST issue of the 1937 Animated News.

Therefore the situation leads us right into the third dimension which is space, and the fourth dimension which is time.

Could time exist without motion, or motion without space? Consider how we measure time with clocks and watches. The scientific unit is a second, which is a bit of time-space or space-time. We can see the space or distance, but cannot see the time that runs with it. It is in space-time that we and all things exist.

Speaking of time, it is said we own no past nor future but possess only the now. Man not being satisfied with this limited possession, looks into space for advanced knowledge and predictions which he finds in the position of the stars for 1937.

Looking ahead at 1937 from this station at the end of 1936, things look mighty ticklish around those curves we are coming to. Let us each remember all the way that we do not have to go entirely with the mob, especially if it chooses the wrong turn. Individually, those of us who want to, can and will, see and do the things that will make 1937, what we of the tenth floor wish for all of you...."A Happy and Prosperous New Year."

Charles Schettler.

(Editor's Note: What time is it, Charlie?)

A hand-drawn speech bubble with a scalloped border. Inside the bubble, the words "SIT-DOWN" and "STRIKE?" are written in a simple, hand-drawn, uppercase font, one above the other. The bubble is connected to a small rectangular box at the bottom right, which is partially visible and contains a small, sketchy drawing of a person's head.

NAW--
STORY
DEPARTMENT!

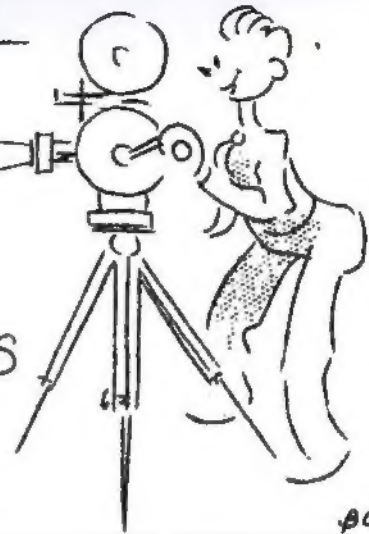


BENEDICT
ARNOLD

TINTYPE



CAMERAMAN BILL HEINS INTERVIEWED BY WARREN FOSTER



Warren: "Hello, Bill."

Bill: "Don't bother me. I'm busy shooting P6-9. (Are you listening, Sam?)"

Warren: "I want an interview for the Animated News."

Bill: "Oh, tell my public that I love them one and all and I'm a home girl at heart and am not at all impressed with the glitter of Hollywood's tinsel."

Warren: "No, no, Bill.....this is for the Fleischer's Animated News.)"

Bill: "I thought they ran a cartoon studio. That shows you how gossip gets around."

Warren: "I want to tintype you."

Bill: "Oh, all right. I suppose it's O.K. But remember my wife and kid read the magazine."

Warren: "Have you a kid? How old is he?"

Bill: "Twelve and if I say so myself, he's the best kid in the world. Why, he can lick his weight in wild-cats. He can box better than..."

Warren: "All right, all right. I'll put a check after offspring. Now, where were you born?"

Bill: "Woodhaven, Long Island and from how old I feel after New Year's I must have been the first white child born in the American Colonies."

Warren: "You can't prove that white part. Did you ever have any particular ambition as a kid?"

Bill: "Yes, I wanted to be a motor paced cyclist and was well on my way to being a good one until the "pal" that I had pacing me in an auto suddenly stopped. Not being a copy-cat, I kept going....but not far. Six weeks later I was discharged from the hospital cured of concussion of the brain...my cycling days definitely over and the owner of a head of gray hair. I then switched to baseball."

Warren: "Baseball? Whom did you play with?"

Bill: "Semi-pro teams on Long Island. We played the Sing Sing team several times. When one of the keepers wouldn't let me out because he thought I was an inmate, I thought I would retire and leave Babe Ruth a clear field, in the baseball racket. I have a letter of appreciation from the 'Babe.'"

Warren: "Then you tried the camera game?"

Bill: "Right. I've turned the crank for Famous Players, Carpenter-Goldman, Bray and Fleischer Studios."

Warren: "Don't those bright lights ever bother your eyes?"

Bill: "Nope....never wear glasses. I take good care of the eye department. I wash them every night and give them plenty of exercise."

Warren: "Yeah, I see you exercising them down on Fleischer Beach near the Hollywood Pier every lunch hour. Seriously, Bill, you have good eyes."

Bill: "Did you ever get a load of Myrna Loy's? There's a girl that has EYES, and besides, did you ever notice the way she....?"

Warren: "Never mind Myrna, Bill, we'll stick to you awhile. Did you ever do any boxing?"

Bill: "Just a bit of amateur stuff. I stopped because I was a sucker for a right hand...especially when that hand was attached to a gorgeous blonde....or just even a blonde."

Warren: "Or just even, eh, Bill? Now for another stock question..How do you sleep?"

Bill: "Very soundly and in the raw. It felt so good as a baby, I just kept it up. I never leave a good thing."

Warren: "Now about books....do you ever read Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron or Keats?"

Bill: "I don't know those other guys but I know that Keats is the best handicapper the "Daily Mirror" ever had."

Warren: "Well, I can see you are getting a little tired, Bill, so I'll just ask you one more. Have you any present ambition..or is that expecting too much?"

Bill: "YESSIR!!! I want to get down to that Florida and catch me one of those sail-fish."

Warren: "You like fishing?"

Bill: "Like it???? Boy-oh-boy!!! Why, this summer I caught hundreds and hundreds of fish. I'm the best fisherman on Long Island. Why, I...."

Warren: "So long Bill. Thanks."



KITTY PFISTER PAYS THE BACKGROUND
DEPARTMENT A VISIT.

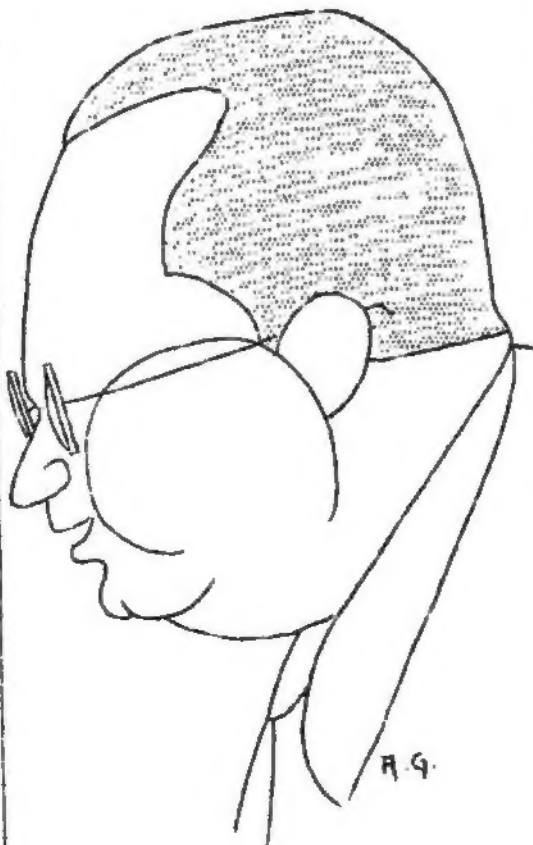
the RAMBLING REPORTER



WHO IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN?



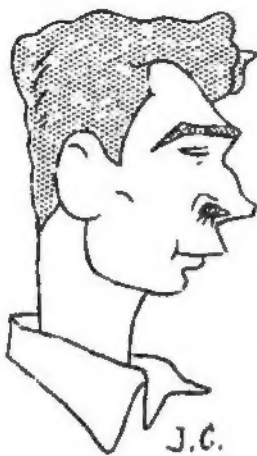
Ed Devores:
"Violets are my
favorite flowers."



Erich Schenk:
"??????"



Johnny Burks:
"Hit kain't be done."



Fermin Rocker:
"None of your © #
% * & # business."

Tony Loeb:
"How much money has
she?"



Dominic Campanella:
"The soul is the thing."



T I N T Y P E

THAT MAN DOMINIC

INTERVIEWED BY

AL. ROSENBAUM



Of Italian vintage, with American rearing, is this man Campanella. He holds within him the sturdiness of the peasant, happily combined with the sophistication of the modern. Herein he differs; for the body is prone to seek seclusion of an easy chair, set before a table stacked high with fully seasoned foods and rare wines, but his mind prefers the teachings of the sages and the findings of the Bible. From him often pours such capsule statements as, "Sincerity is the basis of sincerity." It is indeed no wonder that we of the Background Department, stand in awe of him. He is a Gulliver among the Lilliputians, yet his fund of knowledge has at no time sought to trample us under foot. Rather we are the transgressors, forwarned of the impending danger, with a nod of the head and a song, "Ah-h-h! Brother Kester, (Grogan, Little etc.) woe is us." Now and again when need is felt, he goes beyond his "Ah-h-h! Brother ----" and consoles us with, "All is lost, all is futile! But carry on we must to the completion of our ideal." He has promised someday to tell us "our ideal" and again the light will shine. Truly we love him and respect him for all except-----.

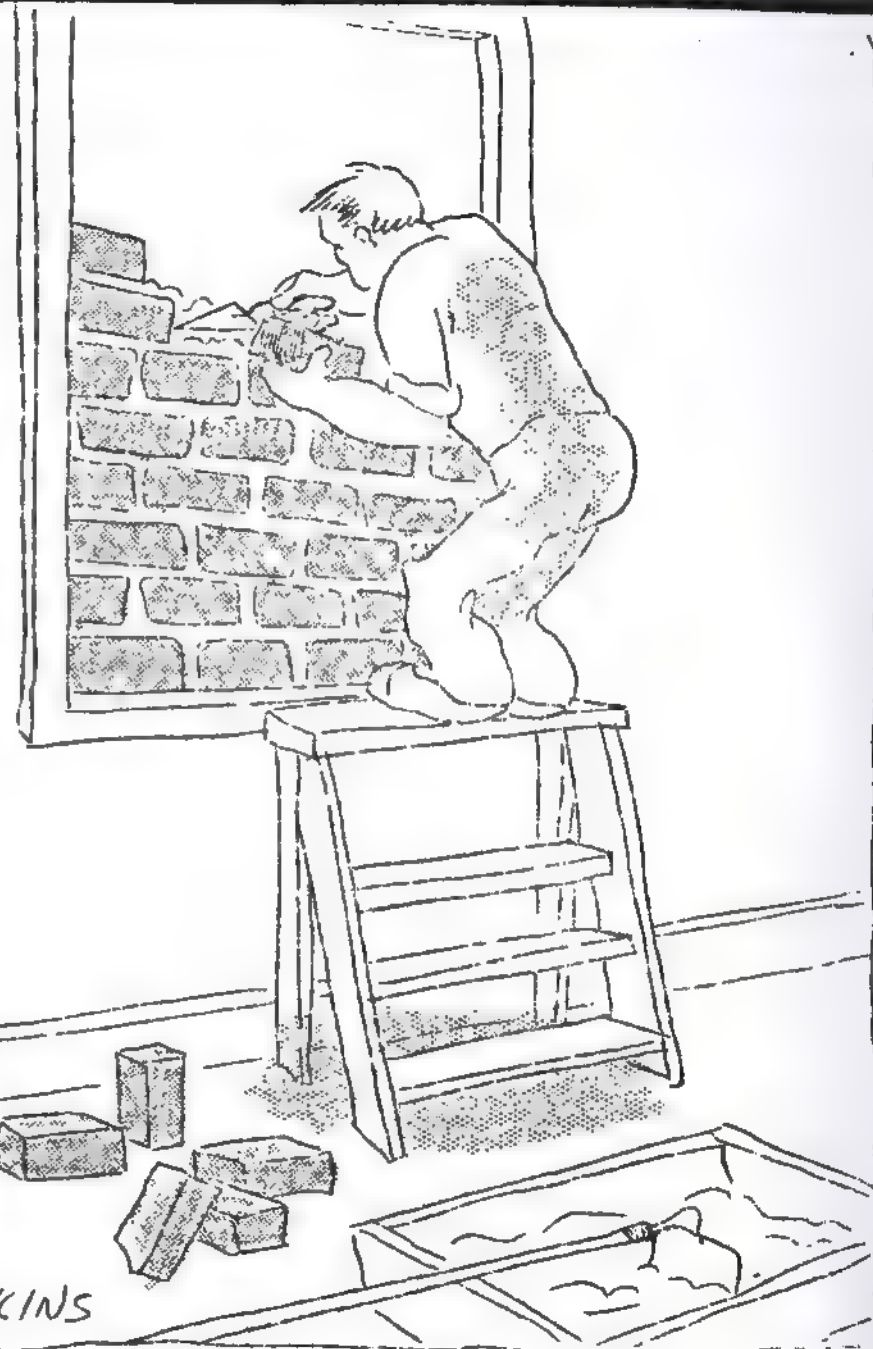
His love life. Here we have a man in his 28th year, who has been an uncle to all his acquaintances of the opposite sex, but lover of none. We find little reason for this beyond his ethereal look and the willingness to rescue the downtrodden from the pit. His very countenance bespeaks the man of giving, not of taking. He has been reconciled to his one shortcoming and seeks refuge in the love of the angels. Time and again he has told us of his rendezvous with his favorite one, halfway between heaven and hell. We quote him: "I have lifted myself from the mediocre and sought refuge and love with the unattainable." We of the herd need be shamefaced for our disquieting doubts.

He has passed through the halls of Columbia, (cum laude we hope) to the completion of a course in architecture. Even to such extremes would he go to make a background artist of the first water. He has tasted of the high and low; he has lived in a boat house and survived on baked beans, yet he has the taste of an Epicurean. .

We salute that man Dominic whose mind dwells upon the pages of Deuteronomy, whose choice has led him through the halls of Columbia, and whose destiny has placed him in the Background Department of Fleischer Studios.

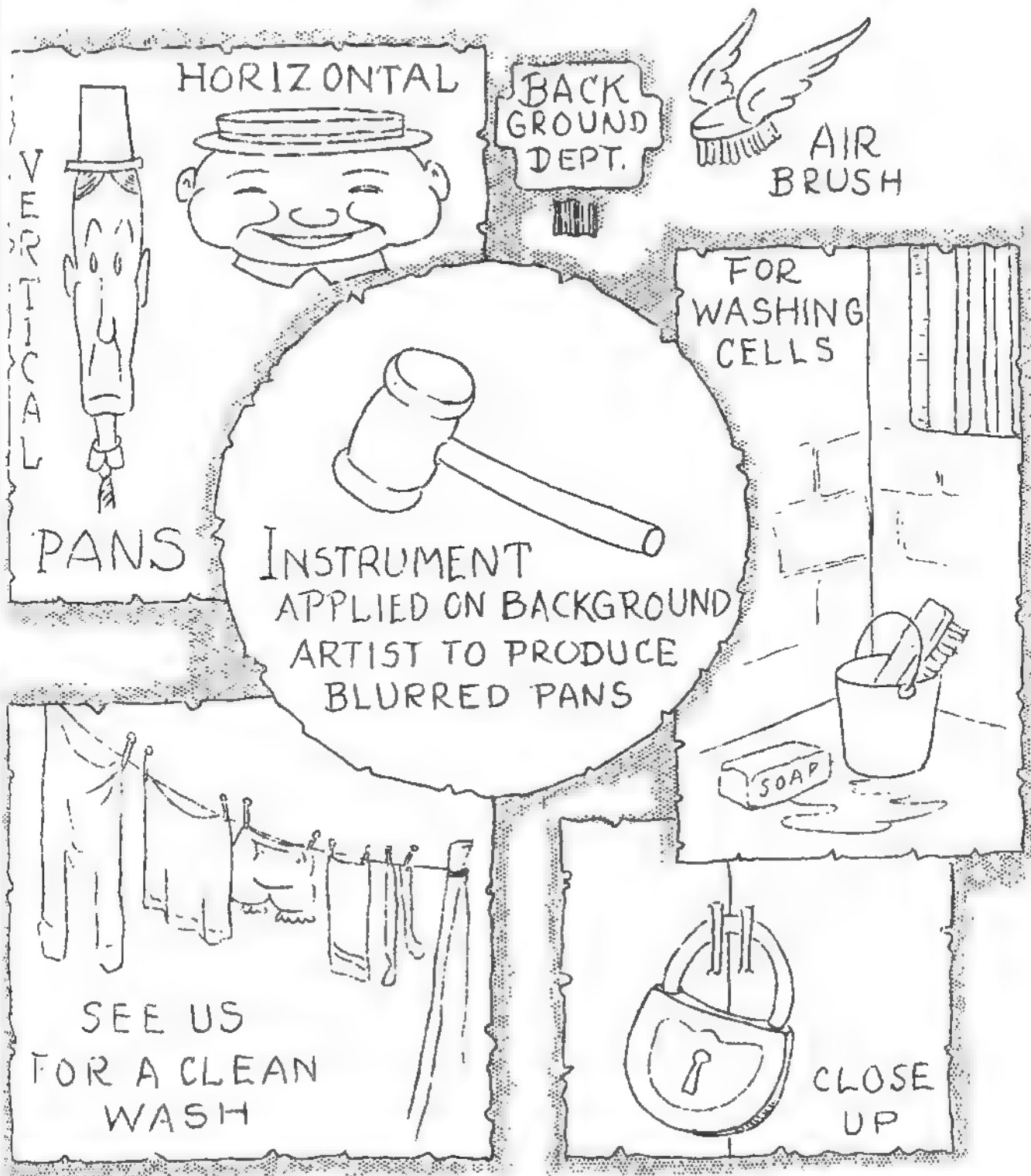
JOE FLEISCHER'S MEN
ARE VERY OBLIGING

I ONLY TOLD
HIM THE LIGHT
BOTHERED MY EYES!



ED. WATKINS

AT RANDOM



HORIZONTAL

BACK
GROUND
DEPT.

AIR
BRUSH

VERTICAL

PANS

INSTRUMENT
APPLIED ON BACKGROUND
ARTIST TO PRODUCE
BLURRED PANS

FOR
WASHING
CELLS

SOAP

SEE US
FOR A CLEAN
WASH

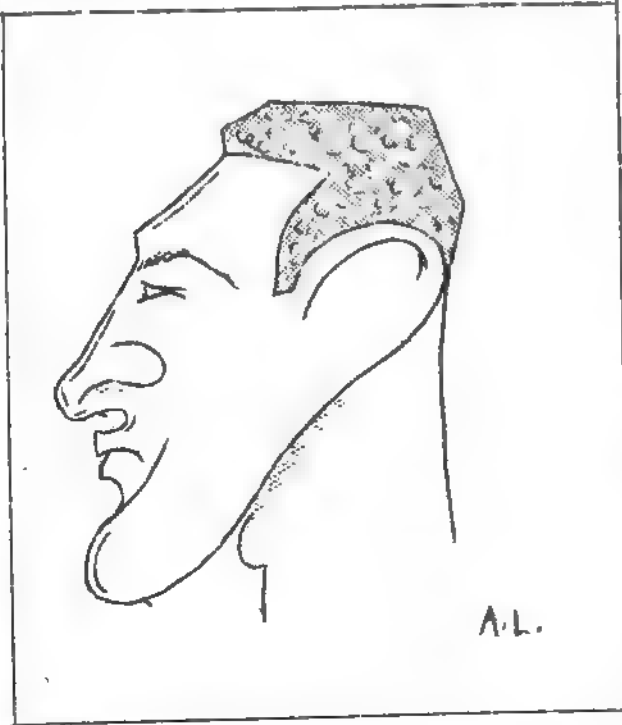
CLOSE
UP

GREENBAUM + LITTLE

TINTYPE

ARTHUR GREENBAUM
INTERVIEWED BY

DOMINIC
CAMPANELLA



From his birth, Arthur Greenbaum was fated to be a child of destiny. He was not born like other babies have been in the past, in the conventional haphazard manner of stork babies. No, not Arthur, for he was born the different way, the modern way that took no chances and called it Eugenics.

It is rumored among his friends that he was conceived in a test tube and molded in the chemists crucible, with exact mathematical precision. His name is really a formula of the alphabetical symbols and numerals.

It is the irony of fate or maybe the perversity of human nature that I of all the people should attempt to portray a character of such remarkable and extraordinary origin. Really, to do Arthur justice, it would require a more faith-

ful Boswell and a more monumental work, in order that his greatness and fame might not be lost to posterity. Yet how can one, in a simple tintype delineate the character of a man who was first among such men of science and profound understanding as Einstein, Carrel and Milliken, to attempt to find the mathematical formula for a kiss. His problem was even greater than theirs, for they at least had a knowledge of mathematics and from the biographies, it can be gleaned that they had at one time or another actually kissed a girl. We all can appreciate Arthur's great endeavor.

How can one fully set forth the Titanic struggle of Arthur against the microbe world? How he desperately fought the microscopic peril with all the weapons of modern scientific research? He ate raisins and spinach, he drank orange juice, tomato juice and milk. He washed his body with Lifebuoy soap, his teeth with Forhan's and massaged his scalp with Kreml. He cleverly avoided the pitfalls to ruination, damnation and hell by not smoking, drinking, or eating pies, frankfurters and French-fried potatoes. Yet these things are among the least in his bid for eternal fame, for he has dedicated his life to a higher, a more noble pursuit; that of chasing fire engines.

At a very early age, the wailing crescendo of the fire siren stirred some responsive chord deep down in the innermost recesses of his being. It called to him, it lured him on with its flaming promise of death, destruction and heroic rescue. Nor could Arthur resist, for he became as inevitable a part of the fire, as smoke, flame, engines and firemen.

Prosaic people, like you and me would call him "batty." A psychologist defined him as a harmless pyromaniac. The firemen and the police termed him a problem. With startling genius he managed to get past the police lines. He would direct the firemen, grab an axe and enter the burning building. More than one fireman against his sincerest feelings, finally dragged Arthur out, overcome with smoke.

Nothing seemed to stop him. He would jump out of a warm bed, in the middle of the night, or if in a restaurant, he would dash out leaving food, coat and hat behind, and maybe the check too, just to follow the fire engines.

There are tales of girls, with wistful looks and poignant voices who sadly relate that on various occasions he tore himself from their loving embrace (and at such inopportune moments) to answer the siren's call:

His faithfulness and devotion to his calling was not without its own reward as he was made a charter member of the "Society of Buffs," an honorary organization of civilians interested in fire-fighting. Only on these chosen few, is bestowed the honor, nay, the privilege of buying coffee and cake for those heroes of modern civilization, the firemen.

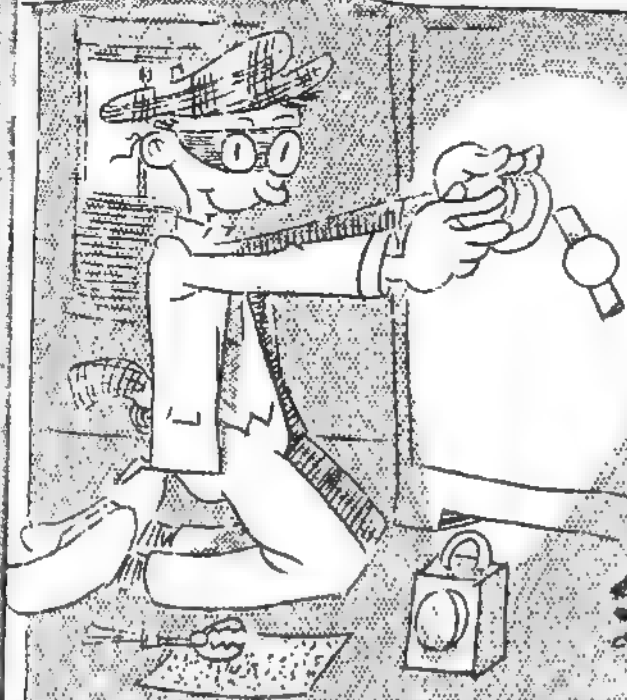
HI-LITES OF THE MONTH

JO
GEORGE
Hill

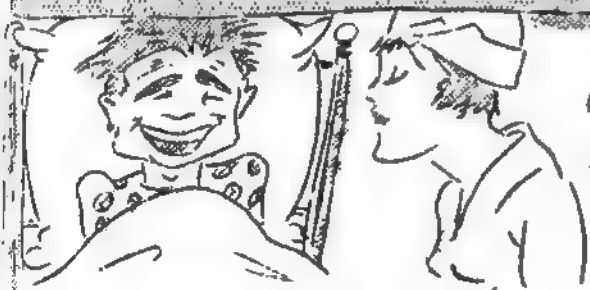
MAX 'N' DAVE MADE IT A MERRY XMAS
BY GIVING OUT \$5 FOR EACH
YEAR OF
SERVICE TO
THE
SERVICE
CERTIFICATE
HOLDERS



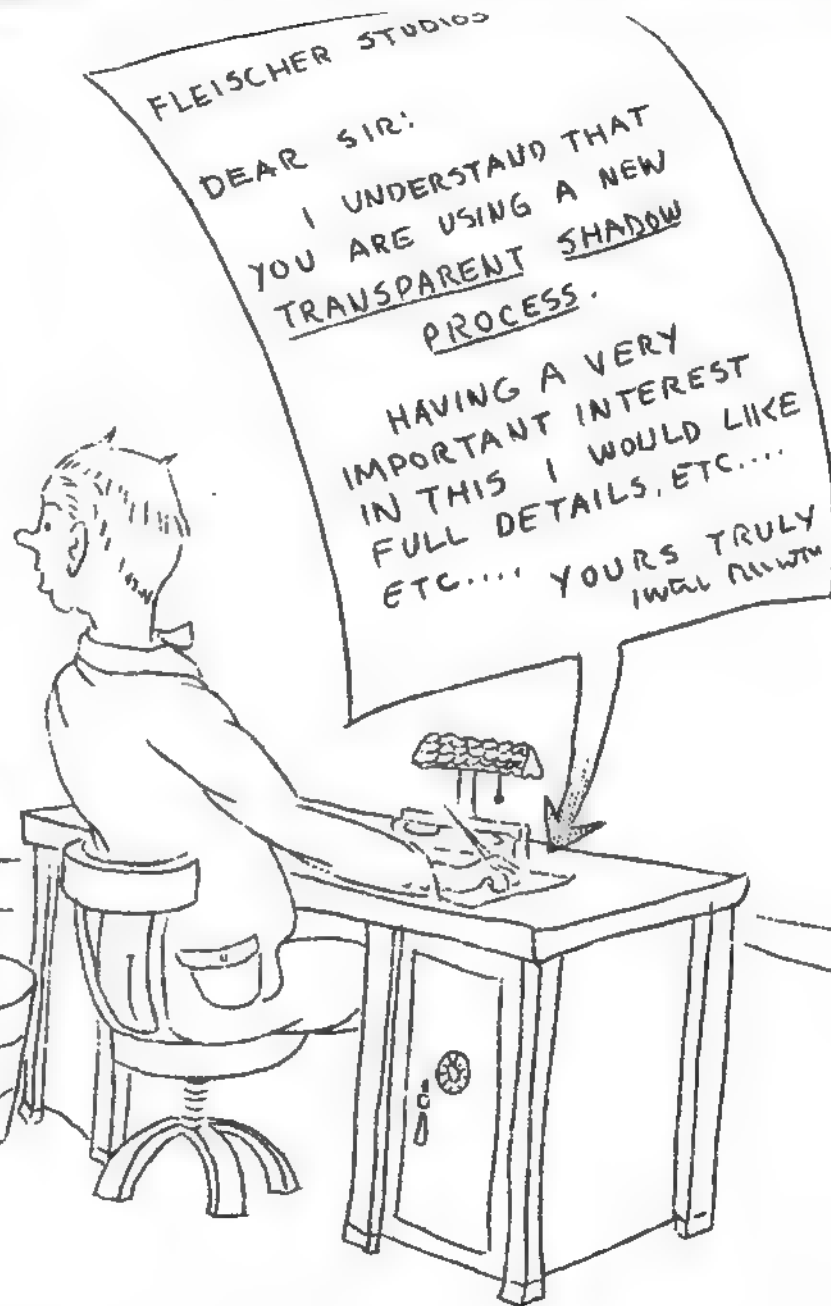
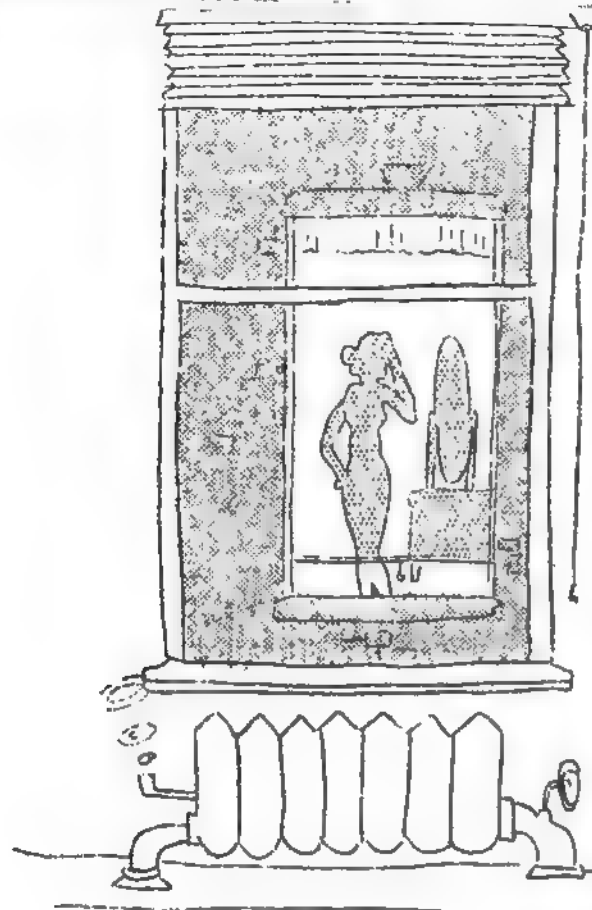
'TH' WAY THESE GUYS GIVE
THE 'FINS' AWAY THEY MUST
BE PRINTING 'EM—I'LL WATCH 'EM'



CHARLIE SCHETTLER
BOUGHT A BRAND
NEW LOCK FOR HIS
BOWLING BALL RE-
CENTLY — HE
TURNED A PRETTY
MAGENTA COLOR
LATER WHEN LENNY
"RAFFLES" MCCORMICK
PICKED THE LOCK
IN TWO MINUTES
WITH HIS BARE HANDS!



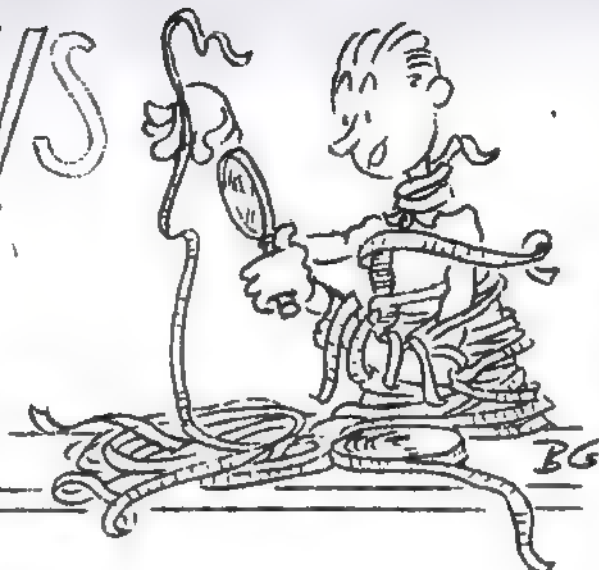
GEORGE GERMANETTI
IS GETTING OVER THE
EFFECTS OF A DIVORCE
FROM AN AILING APPENDIX



E. Devore

PREVIEWS

by
GEORGE HILL



"THE SPINACH ROADSTER"

Animation by:
Bowsky's
Bohunks

Story by:
Bill Turner
Joe Stultz
Ed Watkins
Warren Foster
Jack Mercer

Even Max's famous "Twister Ball," which has crippled hundreds of unfortunate bowling-alley pin-boys, and thousands of innocent bystanders, as it thundered its way down quaking alleys, looks snail-like compared to the tempo to which this opus is gated. "The Spinach Roadster" is undeniably one of the fastest moving animated cartoons ever to make both halves of a double feature, at your local movie dispensary, look bad.

A good "gaggy" story by a nest full of story men, backed up by some very neat animation by Bowsky's "disorderlies" and the head of that group (we forget his name at the minute) results in something of which we Fleischerites can be becomingly proud. So when our friends (sure, you have friends, stop being so hospitable to that nasty old inferiority complex) mention having seen it, you're completely within your rights to take a gracious bow.

"THE HOT AIR SALESMAN"

Animation by:
Tom Johnson
and his evil
associates.

Story by:
Dave Fleischer
Izzie Sparber

Dave, Izzie and Tom Johnson burned a few quarts of the old midnight oil and came up with this "Laugh dragger-outer." Wiffle Piffle is the hero of this entertaining yarn and comports himself with dignity through situations which, if she isn't careful, will lay your Aunt Ella in the aisle of her favorite theatre.

In case you're gonna be "picky," and have read this far to find out what the story is about, we'll break down now. Wiffle is a just slightly screwy door-to-door gadget salesman, Betty lets him into the house. The demonstrations

of his wares ruin everything "ruinable" in the shack. They come to an end when the last thing he shows off, a carpet-sweeper, runs amuck and tows him and most of the furniture through a wall of the house and into the great outdoors. It is at this point the "The End" sneaks up on the screen. P.S. We bet you'll be sorry, too.

WHY GIRLS IN WHITE GET BLUE

"Will two aspirins stop my heart?"

"Are you a REAL nurse?"

"My aunt says that a stocking soaked in vinegar then tied around the neck is good for a sore throat."

"Didja ever work in a hospital?"

"I don't know what's the matter with me. I guess you'd better paint my throat while I'm here."

"Is it true that all nurses take dope?"

"Am I an acid or an alkaline?"

"My mother says....."

"My aunt says....."

"My boyfriend says....."

"My doctor says....."

"My father says....."

"My finger keeps jumping...do you think I've caught anything?"

"Dit's dard do dalk wih uh dermomomer im ya mowr."

"How sick must I be before I can use the bed?"

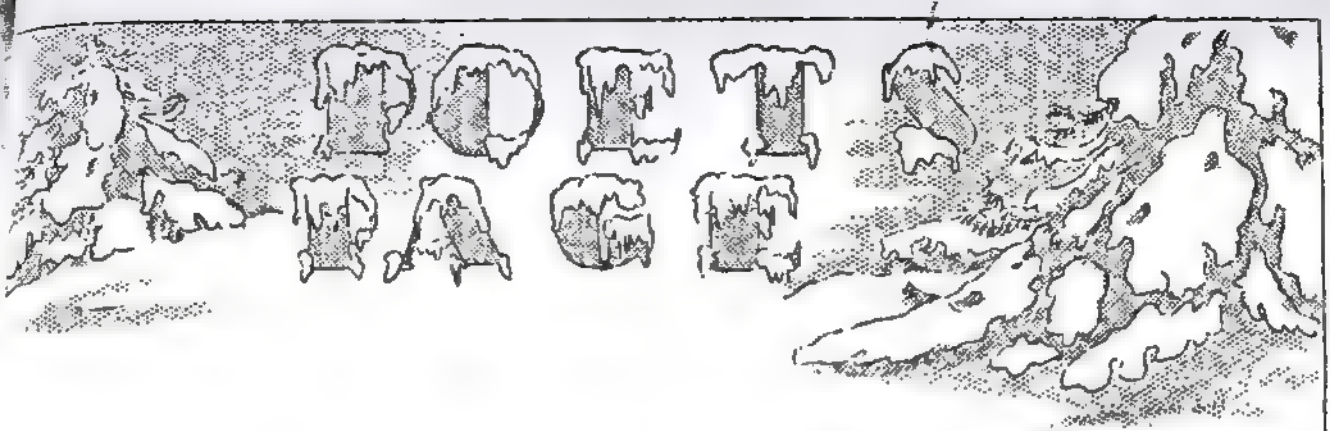
Studio Nurse Mary Hilliard.

LOOKA THE FIGURE
WILLARD GAVE ME!

THANK-WILLARD,
IT'S ABOUT TIME
I GOTTA BREAK!



JAIME
ADAMS



PAPER-DOLLS.

I'll tell you friend, my story,
It began in early youth,
Why, I was but a little tot,
When first I learned the truth.

It started out with paper-dolls,
The scissors dull and round,
I stole my mother's shiny ones,
My punishment was sound.

But out of just that punishment
Was born my path in life,
With its strange hypnotic symbol,
The scissor, blade or knife.

I chose a trade called "Set-back"
You should have heard them say,
The words that put me on the rack
"Cutting paper-dolls, today?"

- O - O - O - O - O - O -

I have no more of "Set-back" dreams
This shop you see, is padded,
My dolls are cut from magazines
As though that really mattered!
Randy.

IMPRESSIONS ~

BY ANTON LOEB

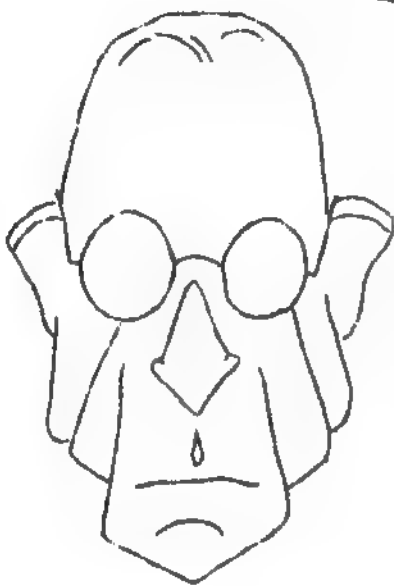
Arthur Grogin: -
A top hat in
the frigidaire



Joe Ringwood: -
Corned beef and
cabbage.



Max Kubel: - Old Faithful



Jim Adams: -
It must be me noives
or sumptin'



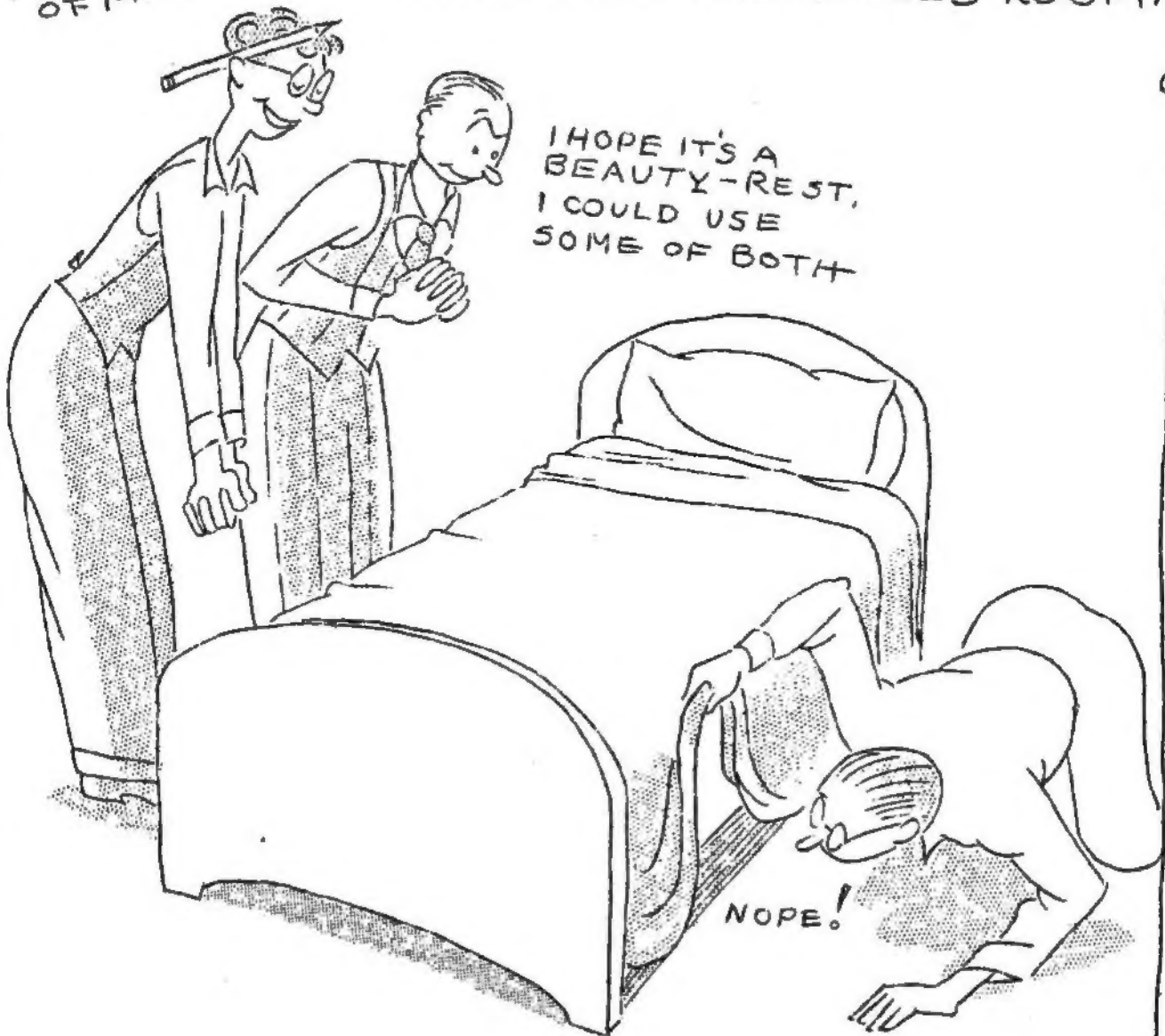
Leonard Kester: - I cover
the waterfront.

Henry Farnham: - A
misty morning in Scotland

THE TENTH FLOOR STORY BOYS
HAD A DAY OF ANTICIPATION
UNTIL THEY FOUND OUT
THAT THE BED IN THE HALL
WAS FOR THE NURSE'S ROOM.

DARN DECENT
OF MAX!

I HOPE IT'S A
BEAUTY-REST,
I COULD USE
SOME OF BOTH



WARREN
FOSTER

DINNER NOTES
AS SEEN BY THE SPOT LIGHT ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE EMPIRE ROOM

After the National Anthem, Lou Fleischer led all the boys and girls in a medley of Fleischer airs, written by the tune-smiths Timberg and Rothberg. I had a lot of fun reflecting in my glory from the dome of the Master of Ceremonies, Tom Moore. His antics with Jack Mercer, the Fleischer juvenile, made me miss fire again and again.

Max Fleischer made a swell speech of welcome to everyone. The news of a \$5.00 dividend for each year of service for the Service Certificate Holders made me sputter and blow a couple of fuses.

Herbert Holmdale and his bag of tricks, with Frank Paiker as his stooge, refused to allow my shedding a bit of light on the situation. (Get it?)

Millie Figlozzi and her swing songs had me holding my fuses.

Yashe Kalb nee Sam Robinson came out on the stage and he...I mean... well.....by the way, what was it he did?

Dave Tendlar and his boys kept me busy missing my cues. This was a case of a "spot" being on the spot. Their travesty on the episode in the life of that ruler or monarch was worth beaming about.

Beatrice Fleischer's twinkling toes practically out did my shining efforts.

Sammy Timberg's tickling the ivories had me off key.

Al Windley as Admiral Pot Belly definitely took the spot away from me.

Mina Williams' songs caused a flicker in me.

Jack Willis and Jack Mercer in their comic dance kept me busy following them around the stage.

Pauline Kaufman caused me to sputter and again I had trouble with my fuses.

Milton Lustig's xylophone interpretation brought me back to normal. A bright spot.

Izzy Sparber, Tom Johnson, Bill Turner, Jack Ward and Joe Stultz did it! They blew a fuse and a lotta horns.

The 8 Little Lassies that turned out to be 7, due to stage fright, Ellen Jenssen, Harriet LeVine, Maude Ellis, Roberta Whitehead, Vita Fischman, Beatrice Davidoff and Marion White gave us a rendition of seven beefy beauties. Boy, was I burning up!!!

Willard Bowsky and George Germanetti handed out gifts to the bosses. Willard and George were disguised as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Their surrender was caused by a scare from our Popeye voice, Jack Mercer.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—?

by AL ROSENBAUM



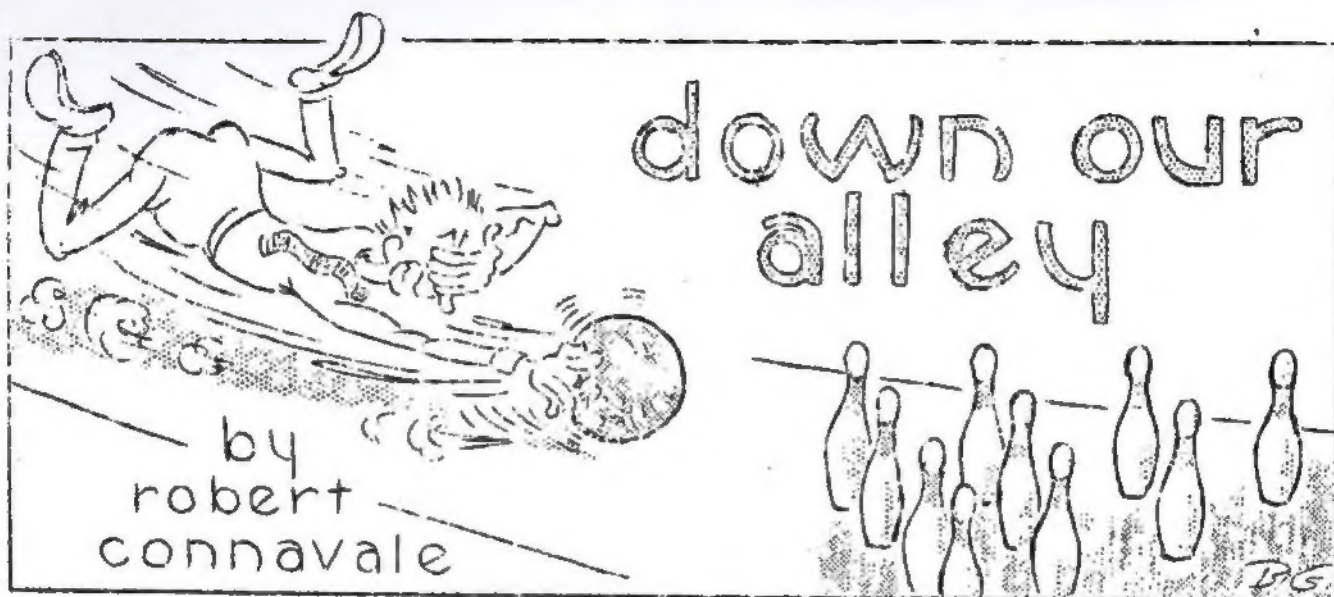
ARTHUR GROGIN HAS BEEN
BEGGING ED DEVORES TO SPEAK
THE KING'S ENGLISH
AS THE KING
WOULD SPEAK
IT —



ERICH SCHEER IS
WAITING TO TURN
INTO A BOWLING
BALL —



THE
BACKGROUND
BOYS KNOW JEFF
PRICE'S REAL NAME —



Charlie Schettler was presented with a new bowling ball for a Christmas present. For this the bowling team is very grateful. It has given them a chance to catch up a few points. Charlie just can't make that ball behave.

Frank Paiker's recent attack of grippe had him "benched" for a game. He has had tough luck in hitting the pins in the last couple of games but threatens to be back in stride from now on.

Max Fleischer since his return from the South land has done right well for himself. Max has hopes of his name being on that cup yet.

Dave Fleischer, the bowling "smoothie," never loses his grip or his temper, well hardly ever, then he only says, "Oh shucks!"

Willard Bowsky, the most versatile man on the team, can start the ball on alley 31, knock 'em over on alley 28 and do a peach of a back flip, all at the same time.

Seymour Kneitel, the spit ball artist, has a wind-up like Burleigh Grimes. Seymour throws a wicked out curve and doesn't even touch the alley. He can pick 'em off one at a time.

Izzy Sparber, since he has adopted Max's style, it's either a strike or nothing. Izzy doesn't care for spares, he misses 'em on purpose just to make the pins sore.

Sam Buchwald is the dead eye of the alleys. He can always get that ten pin.

Bill Turner at the last session bowled like a champ, except one or two games. Bill threatens to quit bowling. It seems the game doesn't do him any good, physically or morally.

Sam Stinson has changed his form. He claims it's for better or for worse.